

“There’s A Monster Under My Bed: A Pantoum Poem”

By: Lauren Foster

There’s a monster under my bed
I’ve only seen it once or twice
Seeing it lie there makes my night
One day, we will meet face to face

I’ve only seen it once or twice
Its appearance doesn’t match my image
One day, we will meet face to face
Be prepared to answer all my questions

Its appearance doesn’t match my image
It caught me by surprise
Be prepared to answer all my questions
It shakes when it talks

It caught me by surprise
Maybe we’re more alike than different
It shakes when it talks
Still cracked but beautiful

Maybe we’re more alike than different
From under there, I pull out a mirror
Still cracked but beautiful
Why does it look like me?

From under there, I pull out a mirror
Seeing it lie there makes my night
Why does it look like me?
There’s a monster under my bed